



Christmas Slippers

CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

The true Christmas spirit is reflected in the gift. More and more thinking people are giving the practical, for it is remembered long after the useless trifle is forgotten.

A CHRISTMAS SLIPPER SPECIAL WITHOUT A PARALLEL

Women's and Big Girls' Juliets, nice fur trimming, extra good felt uppers, long-lived belting leather soles. Pretty variety of colors, excellent styles. Downy tufted cushion insole, Kleep-a-Wa house slippers, in dark blue, red, wine or gray, plain or pretty color effects. Former values, \$1.25 and \$1.45 the pair. Now..... **98c**

An excellent variety of Man's House Slippers in felt or leather. Just the thing to give him comfort after the day's work. \$1.25 to \$1.45 values. The pair..... **98c**

Make the Kiddies happy with a pair of Felt Slippers. Catchy figures on vamp, or plain. 58c for sizes 5 to 8; 68c for 9 to 2.

Many the Grandpa or Grandma dear who like a nice pair of Carpet Slippers. We have them at 48c for Grandma Slippers, 58c for Grandpa Carpet Slippers.

While we quote only slippers in this week's advertisement, all of the big bargains advertised last week have been replenished, including shoes for every member of the family, at real savings.

Hirschman's American Fork Branch

Next Door to Mrs. Adamson's Candy Kitchen

VIRGIL GROO, Manager.

A WORD FOR FATHER.

With all his faults they love him still, especially when he troubles his little wad home and extends an invitation to every member of the family to help themselves. Father has progressed so far as a fair imitation of a human being that he is gaining a more secure foothold as one of the necessary evils. Speaking of this poor individual the Indianapolis News makes bold to say:

"When a man succeeds in living a good or useful life that fact is usually attributed to the influence of a mother. When men talk of days past no word brings forth more treasured memories than 'mother.' When a lawyer wishes to arouse a jury's compassion for a client he invariably speaks of the effects of conviction on the mother. Poets, dramatists, and fiction writers of all ages have united in honoring her name. Days have been set aside in her honor, pensions are given her, societies founded for her. All this is well. The world would be a sorry world, if it were not so. But is there not danger of father being overlooked in the shuffle? The average father succeeds pretty well in discharging his duty to society. He abhors along persistently and quietly for six days a week that his family may be provided for; he stands between his family and the world, shouldering the responsibility of the rent, the taxes, the grocery and the coal bill; he admonishes the boy and advises mother, seeking always to make their burden lighter; he works unceasingly, without complaint, fighting, scheming, suffering to the end that his family may be assured comfort and independence. In this sometimes fails, but he keeps on trying, cheerfully, stolidly, stubbornly plugging along to the end.

"The sacrifices that must be made he makes willingly. The boy must go to college and the girl must have music lessons; something must be cut, and usually it is some luxury of father's that perishes by the wayside. He is not so poetical a figure as mother, not so demonstrative in his affections, so elated in pleasure, so depressed in grief. And yet many will remember a kind word here, or a thoughtful act there, that stands out clear and distinct, as one of youth's happiest impressions. Not often is he appreciated by the growing boy. Often he stands

Bank of American Fork

The strength of this Bank lies not alone in its Capital, Surplus and Resources, but in the character and financial responsibility of the men who conduct its affairs.

Capital Stock	\$50,000.00
Surplus	25,000.00
Undivided Profits	25,000.00
Stockholders' Liability	50,000.00
	\$151,000.00

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS SUCCESSFUL BANKING

In the family as the official admonisher to whom the boy's faults are related for punishment. On him falls the unpleasant task of applying the rod; his is the arm that must enforce respect for mother and regard for the rights of others. In this light the growing boy is likely to view him with a mixture of fear, awe and respect. Not until years brings a proper perspective is he rightfully understood and appreciated, and perhaps not even then.

If this open approval of father keeps up he may some day regain his standing that fathers had in the days when the old man had a great deal to say about family affairs. And father could be given his dues without in any way detracting from the glory that must always be mother's. Let's get in the game and give 'er a chance any way, just to see what he will do.

An American officer who has seen service in the Philippines gives the following illustration of Filipino judicial acumen: "An American came home one day just in time to see a thief in the act of climbing out of the window with the better part of the American's wardrobe. He gave chase so earnestly that the thief was finally obliged to drop the clothing so that he might run the faster. He soon disappeared from sight. The American gathered up his belongings. Just then along came a native policeman, who proceeded to put the American under arrest, since he seemed to be acting in a suspicious manner. To the local magistrate before whom he was haled the American told his story, very plainly and emphatically. When he had concluded the Filipino judge said: 'You are dismissed, but you may leave your clothes here.' 'Why?' demanded the American. 'For this reason,' answered the magistrate, 'with the air of a sage, 'that it is still uncertain whether you speak the truth.

When the thief returns to identify these clothes as the ones he stole you may have them.'—Argonaut.

About now Anthony Comstock is probably finding fault with the costumes of the angels.—Boston Transcript.

Village storekeeper (as pastor excuses a masterly retreat from his store)—Dinged old hypocrite! This is the same lead quarter I put in the collection last Sunday!—Judge.

Tommy I.—That's a bloomin' fine pipe, Jerry. Where d'ye get it? Tommy II.—One of them German Gollans tried to take me prisoner an' I interlarded it from him.—Vanity Fair.

Poor Andrew Carnegie! He has given away three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and while he has but a trifling sixty or so millions left, he may, considering his age, manage to escape the poor house.

Mrs. Dents (at the ball game, excitedly)—Isn't our pitcher perfectly grand, Tyrus? He hits the club nearly every throw.—Joplin Times.

Classified Ads

LOST.

LOST—A breast pin, between the Friday home and the Stake Tabernacle. Finder please notify Mrs. Ada Wilcox.

LOST—A black purse with \$10 bill and some change, at Union meeting, American Fork. Return to Clarence Weeks, Pleasant Grove, Reward.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Duroc-Jersey pigs, 5 months old; three sows, three boars; best stock in the state; cheap if taken quick. Karl Osterloh, Lehi.

FOR SALE—One high-class roll top desk, cheap; also two stacks of dry farm straw. Dr. H. C. Holbrook, Lehi.

MONEY TO LOAN—FROM \$1000 TO \$5000 at 8 per cent. Particulars at this office. 11-2tf

TAXIDERMIST—Game Heads Mounted, fur rugs made to order; write for price list. Silas M. Brewer, 47 So. W. Temple, Salt Lake. Dec.-25-p

SHEEP MEN—Save your sheep pelts and have E. J. Christofferson shear them with the machine. Lehi, Utah. 23-tf

WOMEN—When delayed or irregular, use Royal Female Regulator; always brings results. Write Royal Remedy Company, Jamestown, N. Y. J8-p

SHEEP FOR SALE 8,000, from one to five-year-old, breeding ewes—F. M. Carr, Dell, Montana Jan. 1-p

FOR SALE CHEAP—Look here, a good Landis No. 3 harness sewing machine, almost new; a large size box loop press and dies; a large size riveting machine; a good kit of harness makers' tool. Will sell part or the whole of above. Call on or correspond with George Quinn, Ephraim, Utah. J8-p

RAISE BELGIAN HARES, SKUNK, mink, frogs, squabs, etc., big profit. Postal brings free literature; tells how. Address A. K. Black, Nw. Sunny-side, Wash. J8-p

FOR SALE.

FARM—26 acres, adapted for bees; close to factory; a snap.

5-ROOM HOUSE and lot in Second Ward.

4-ROOM HOUSE and lot opposite San Pedro Depot.

H. B. WING.

1st-2p

Advertising most certainly is the driving wheel of business.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

IV.—F. A. Vanderlip On The Business of Banking



The farmers of this nation to come into the must study business. We must, as a class, understand the fundamental principles that underlie every industry and its relation to agriculture. There can be no intelligent co-operation without understanding. Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, president of the New York City Bank of New York, when asked, "What is a bank?" said in part:

"The first and most familiar function of a bank is that of gathering up the idle money of a community in small sums and large, and thus forming a pool of money upon which responsible persons may draw as they have temporary use for money. It is evident that this makes large sums of money available for the employment of labor and the development of the community. But much more is accomplished than the use of the money actually deposited in the banks, for by the use of drafts, checks and notes the efficiency of money is multiplied several times over. A very small business, for example one of the great beef packers, may use very actual money; on one side of its bank account will be entered the checks and drafts it is daily receiving from everywhere in payment for its products, while on the other side will be entered the checks it draws in payment for cattle, etc., its only use of money being for small payments, to labor otherwise.

If there were but one bank in a community and everybody paid bills by drawing checks on that bank, and everyone receiving a check immediately deposited it in the bank, the amount of money in the bank would not change at all and the entire business of the community would be settled on the books of the bank. And the situation is but slightly changed when there are several banks, for they daily exchange among themselves the checks they receive on each other, which practically offsets themselves, although the small balances are paid in cash. This is called 'clearing' in every large city there is a 'Clearing House' where representatives of banks meet daily to settle their accounts with each other.

A bank is constantly receiving from its customers, particularly those who are shipping products to other localities, drafts and checks drawn on banks in other cities, which it usually sends for deposit to a few corresponding banks in the central cities with which it maintains permanent accounts. This way these scattered credits are consolidated and the bank draws on these accounts in supplying customers with the means of making payments away from home. As each local community sells and buys about the same amount abroad in the course of a year, these payments largely offset each other. It is evident that the banks are very intimately related to the trade and industry of a country. The banker is a dealer in credit much more than a dealer in money, and of course his own credit must be above question. He exchanges his credit for the credits acquired by the customers, and he gives credit for their accommodation, but he must conduct the business with judgment that he can always meet his own obligations with cash on demand. This is the essential thing about bank credit, that it shall always be the same as cash."

UNIVERSAL PEACE

This nation is now in the midst of a controversy as to how best to promote universal peace. That question we will leave for diplomats to discuss, but peace within nations is no less important than peace between nations and it is heavily laden with prosperity for every citizen within our commonwealth.

Many leading politicians and oftentimes political platforms have declared war upon business and no cabinet crisis ever resulted. Many men have stood in high places and hurled "gas bombs" at industry; thrust bayonets into business enterprises and bombarded agriculture with indifference. Party leaders have many times broken diplomatic relations with industry; sent political aviators spying through the affairs of business, and political submarines have sent torpedoes crushing into the destiny of commerce. During the past quarter of a century we have fought many a duel with progress, permitted many politicians to carry on a guerrilla warfare against civilization and point a pistol at the heart of honest enterprise.

No man should be permitted to cry out for universal peace until his record has been searched for explosives, for no vessel armed or laden with munitions of war should be given a clearance to sail for the port of Universal Peace. Let us by all means have peace, but peace, like charity, should begin at home.

GRASPING AT THE SHADOW

No man—especially if he is married—would deny woman any right she demands. Take the earth and give us peace, but why does woman long for the ballot?

When all is said and done, is not the selection of the butcher more important to the home than the election of a mayor; is not the employment of the dairyman a far more important event in the life of the children than the appointment of a postmaster; is not the selection of books for the family library more important than voting bonds for jail and court house? Why does woman lay aside the important things in life? Why leave the substance and grasp at the shadow?

Be it said to the credit of womanhood that it is not, as a rule, the woman who rocks the cradle that wants to cast the ballot; it is not the mother who teaches her children to say "Now I lay me down to sleep" that harangues the populace; it is not the daughter who hopes to reign as queen over a happy home that longs for the uniform of the suffragette. It is, as a rule, the woman who despises her home, neglects her children and scorns motherhood that leads parades and smashes windows.

What better Xmas gift could you make to an absent friend than the Review for one year? Better than a letter each week, and a gift that would be appreciated 52 times during 1916. 11-2t

As a happy result of sitting tight the king of Greece may preserve his sinner for future sits instead of the boot of a vigorous enemy.

INSPIRATION OF THE COUNTY FAIR

By Peter Radford.

When you enter the agricultural department of the county fair, you take your soul uplifted and your life taken on a new power—that is the inspiration of the soil. You are overpowered by the grandeur and magnificence of the scene—that is the spirit of the harvest. You can hear the voice of nature calling you back to the soil—that is opportunity knocking at your door. It is a good chance to spend a quiet hour in contact with the purity and perfection of nature and to swell on your life with its fragrance, elevate your ideals with its beauty and expand your imagination with its power.

These products as food are fit for the gods, and as an article of commerce they ought to bring high prices on any market in the world.

The products of the soil are teachers and preachers as well. Their beauty gives human life its first enlightenment, their perfection stirs the genius in artists; their purity furnishes models for growth of character and their marvelous achievements excite our curiosity and we inquire into the wonderful process of nature.

Before leaving the parlor of agriculture where nature is parading in her most graceful attire and science is climbing the giddy heights of perfection, let us pause and take a retrospective view. How many of you know that after these wonderful products are raised, they can seldom be marketed at a profit? Take the blushing Elberta, for example—they were fed to the hogs by the carload last year. The onion—the nation's favorite vegetable—every year rots by the acre in the Southwest for want of a market and as a result hundreds of farmers have lost their homes. Cotton—nature's capitalist—often goes begging on the market at less than cost of production.

It is great to wander through the exhibits while the band is playing "Dixie" and boast of the marvelous fertility of the soil and pride ourselves on our ability to master science, but there it is also well to remember that there is a market side to agriculture that does not reflect its hardships in the exhibits at a county fair.

"I see you have your arm in a sling," said the inquisitive passenger. "Broken it?" "Yes, sir," replied the other passenger. "Met with an accident?" "No, broke it while trying to pat myself on the back." "Great Scott! What for?" "For minding my own business."—Ram's Horn.

"There's something in the world beside money." "Yes," said the cynic. "There's the poorhouse."—Detroit Free Press.

Hepsy.—That boy of ours seems mighty fond of tendin' to other folks' business. Hiram.—Guess we'll have to make a lawyer of him. Then he'll all paid for doin' of it.—Boston Transcript.

We Print Butter Wrappers.